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# HADLEY BALLADS

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BY

JULIA TAFT BAYNE



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CHICAGO  
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

LONDON AGENTS:  
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1903

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## Introduction.

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MANY of these poems are familiar, as they are included in Warner's *The World's Best Literature* and other anthologies. Busy in other lines of literary work, Mrs. Bayne has neglected to make any collection of her poems. Her sons and daughter have gathered these from *The New England Magazine*, *The Independent*, *The Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Springfield Republican* and *Hartford Courant*, into this little volume which they present to their mother as a birthday gift, knowing also that it will give pleasure to her many friends. They can offer nothing better, as an introduction to *The Hadley Ballads*, than this letter, one of many received by Mrs. Bayne from Mr. Charles Dudley Warner:

LIBRARY OF THE  
WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE,  
93 Fifth Avenue,

NEW YORK, Sept. 17, 1897.

MY DEAR MRS. BAYNE:

I was very glad to hear from you, in reply to my request, and to know that you are still doing good work. You will be sure to be doing that

wherever you are. It does not make so much difference whether we publish what we do or not,—the little time we are in this world,—the thing is to be serviceable in our generation and that you are.

I like more, the oftener I read, your Hadley Weathercock. It is a real poem of the kind that appears only now and then. It has that rare merit particularity with the widest generalization. Your poems satisfy the mind for local picturesqueness and they have the wide sweep which marks all great thought. The Hadley Weathercock was hailed with delight by my assistants, with the remark that it would give distinction to our volume of poetry.

Accept the assurance of my great regard,

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

## The Hadley Weathercock.

---

ON Hadley steeple proud I sit,  
Steadfast and true, I never flit,  
Summer and winter, night and day,  
The merry winds around me play,  
And far below my gilded feet  
The generations come, and go,  
In one unceasing ebb and flow,  
Year after year in Hadley street.  
I nothing care, I only know,  
God sits above, He wills it so;  
While roundabout and roundabout and  
roundabout I go,  
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,  
the way o' the wind to show.

The hands that for me paid the gold  
A century since have turned to mould;  
And all the crowds who saw me, new,  
In seventeen hundred, fifty-two.  
[A noble town was Hadley then,  
And beautiful as one could find,]  
Dead, long years dead, and out of mind,  
Those stately dames and gallant men!

But I abide, while they are low.  
God ruleth all, He wills it so:  
And roundabout, and roundabout, and  
    roundabout I go,  
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,  
    the way o' the wind to show.

The wind blew south, the wind blew north,  
I saw an army marching forth,  
And when the wind was hushed and still,  
I heard them talk of Bunker Hill.  
From Saratoga, bold Burgoyne  
[His sullen redcoats, past the town  
    To Aqua Vitae's plain marched down,]  
In Hadley mansion stop't to dine.  
The new State comes! The King must go!  
Glory to God who wills it so!  
And roundabout, and roundabout, and  
    roundabout I go,  
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,  
    the way o' the wind to show.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west  
In Hadley street the same unrest,  
On every breeze that hither comes,  
I hear the rolling of the drums,  
And well do I know the warning;  
The wind blows north, the wind blows south,  
The ball has left the cannon's mouth,  
And the land is filled with mourning.  
In Freedom's name they struck the blow.  
The Land is One, God wills it so.

And roundabout, and roundabout, and  
roundabout I go,  
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,  
the way o' the wind to show.

Though all things change upon the ground,  
Unchanging, sure, I'm ever found.  
In calm or tempest, sun or rain,  
No eye inquires of me in vain.  
Though many a man betrays his trust,  
Though some may honor sell, or buy,  
Like Peter some their Lord deny,  
Yet here I preach, till I am rust,  
Blow high, blow low, come weal, or woe,  
God sits above, He wills it so.  
Then roundabout, and roundabout, and  
roundabout I'll go,  
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,  
the way o' the wind to show.

## The Deerfield Bell.

---

"A BELL sent from France to a Jesuit Mission in Canada, was seized and sold to the church at Deerfield, Mass., February 28th, 1703, three hundred French and Indians surprised that town, killed about forty, destroyed the town, and took nearly one hundred captives to Canada, and recaptured the bell."

I HEAR a bell ring soft and low,  
I hear a bell across the snow,  
I hear a bell of long ago  
Ring, *Miserere, Domine!*

In France the chapel bell is blessed  
For those dark converts of the West  
Who lately the true faith confessed.  
Ring, *Gloria tibi, Domine!*

There, in strange lands beyond the sea,  
Wan Jesuits labor patiently,  
"Lord, we have given up all for Thee."  
Ring, *Miserere, Domine!*

With lights and flowers the altar's spread,  
The priest his christening prayer has said,  
And holy water o'er it shed.  
Ring, *Gloria tibi, Domine!*

Wild winds, rough billows, bore it well,  
Worse fate than shipwreck then befell,  
The heretics have seized the bell!

Ring, *Miserere, Domine!*

“Lo, Israel shall divide the prey!  
Take yonder goodly bell,” they say,  
“And send it where the faithful pray  
*Exaltabo te, Domine!*”

“Such loss may well the Papist share,  
Nor tawny Amalek shall dare  
Uplift a cross, or chant a prayer,  
*Quis habitabit, Domine?*”

Oh, blind! when shall the light befall?  
On your God, priest and Indian call,  
The One Great Father, over all,  
Ring, *Omnia gentes plaudite.*

In Puritan meeting-house thou’rt hung,  
Oh, chapel bell of silver tongue!  
No altar lights, nor incense flung,  
*In te speravi, Domine!*

Tho’ low the walls, and sternly bare,  
Thou blessest all the foreign air  
With thy sweet call to praise and prayer.  
*Te benedicam, Domine!*

From Deerfield meeting-house it rings,  
The notes fly out like angel wings;  
On ambushed ears that music stings.  
*Quare fremuerunt, Domine?*

Think ye the Indian will forget?  
Think ye he will not pay the debt?  
Lo! Deerfield's sun in blood has set!  
*Ne in furore, Domine!*

Oh, brimming cup of deepest wo!  
Her men are slain, her town is low,  
The mournful remnant captive go.  
*Ring, De profundis, Domine!*

Under the cold and pitiless skies,  
I see them climb the farthest rise;  
An unknown way before them lies.  
*Ring, Miserere, Domine!*

Wend slowly northward, captive train!  
Ye know not, in your grief and pain,  
The Lord shall bring his own again!  
*Ring, Gloria tibi, Domine!*

I hear a bell ring soft and low,  
I hear a bell across the snow,  
I hear a bell of long ago  
*Ring, Miserere, Domine!*

HADLEY, MASS.



## Fate? God.

---

**I**NAUDIBLE voices call us, and we go;  
Invisible hands restrain us, and we stay;  
Forces unfelt by our dull senses sway  
Our wavering wills and hedge us in the way  
We call our own, because we do not know.

We creep reluctant through Pain's darkened room  
To greet Life's dearest Joy the other side;  
We linger, laughing, where the ways divide,  
Saying, "So choose I," while we front, blind-  
eyed,  
Danger's red signal, yea, black, imminent doom!  
We knock impatient on To-morrow's door,  
Behind which Sorrow sits; nor evermore  
Shall anything be as it was before,  
Nor sweet To-day's unheeded rose rebloom.

Are we, then, slaves of ignorant circumstance?  
Nay, God forbid! We have the heavenly Guide,  
The Lamp of Life, the Way both sure and tried,  
If we but walk therein, nor stray outside.  
God holds the world, not blind, unreasoning  
Chance!

## Our Neighbor.

---

HE sits at his door at close of day,  
Our strange sad neighbor over the way,  
No one of his own with him to stay;  
So alone he dwells, alone alway,  
In a house that was built in days of yore,  
With a high pitched roof and a carved front door.

The ceaseless flight of our tennis ball  
To the lithe young player's merry call,  
Sweet songs of the birds at even-fall,  
The laughter of children through it all,—  
He heeds not, hears not, a day long sped  
Is present to him, he lives with the dead.

"Is it not pleasant, oh, neighbor mine,  
To sit at your door in sweet sunshine?  
The grape blossom scent is poured like wine,  
Was ever a June before so fine?"

"Dark are the days to me, dreary and slow,  
And I ought to have died long years ago.

For life grows bitter, and hope decays,  
And weary, weary the sunset days,  
Yea, owls and dragons, the Good Book says  
Shall dwell in their pleasant palaces."

"But your long life surely some good has seen?"

"Few, few and evil my days have been."

“ I pity, neighbor, your lonely plight  
And oftentimes in the chill midnight  
I’ve seen your wakeful candle alight ; ”  
—His eyes are glittering now, and bright,—  
“ Lonely? Oh no! If you could but see  
Those who at midnight come to me!

“ You call it my house, it is not so,  
It is theirs, the dead of long ago!  
Still it is theirs, and above, below,  
Over the house they wandering go.  
Oh they call me queer, and a ‘ little out,’  
But I’ve seen strange sights, oh no doubt, no  
doubt.

“ Those of my race, I have seen them all,  
And one there is stern, and dark, and tall,  
Look! there is his picture on the wall!  
On his cheek the mark of a British ball;  
As an elder, godly, a man of prayer,  
As a soldier, he dared what few may dare.

“ I know her footfall upon the stair  
And the scent of her rolled and powdered hair ;  
I see her sitting erect and fair,  
Yonder, in that old fiddle-backed chair ;  
A famous beauty, a toasted belle  
Was my great-grandmother, I’ve heard tell.

“ Oft when the storm with gusty rushes,  
At my door and window, shoves and pushes,  
Standing under the lilac bushes,  
Molly the witch, the lightning flushes,  
But she stays outside, she never comes in,  
And she curses all of our kith and kin.

“ Sometimes at nightfall, overhead,  
My mother puts ten children to bed.  
Her youngest, her baby’s old white head  
Will soon, I hope, in the grave be laid;  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!  
My time must be near; oh, surely it must!”

Sitting there, gilt with the sunset’s gold,  
He and his house look old, so old!  
While I think of the story he has told,  
The past’s dim pictures, just unrolled;  
But I wish, I wish I had eyes to see  
Our neighbor’s most worshipful company!

## Molly Webster.\*

---

**H** EARD ye e'er of Molly Webster, Molly Webster ye Hadley witch?  
Heavie her Curse hath layn vpon Hadley, feered on  
by Poore & Riche.  
Sold is shee, bodie & Spirit to Sathan, & worketh  
hys Will;  
For our God's hid Purpose, doubtless, is shee suffered  
to doe vs Il.  
Shee hath caled ye Thunder from Heaven & fyre  
yt was lytt in Helle;  
Burn'd ye hous & Barne of her neighbor, shee  
laughed for it pleas'd her wel.  
She hath cast a Spel on ye Cattel yt they sould not  
passe her Doore,  
A great Load of Haye from ye Meddowe she turn'd  
wh a Finger o'er!  
Ye bould Carter threat'd her with hys Whippe,  
"For surelie God is fayn  
To help mee before a witch," sayd he, & shee  
turn'd it vp agen.

\* Mary Webster, of Hadley, "a notable witch," was examined in Boston gaol, before the Governor and Assistants, eleven years before the excitement at Salem, accused of bewitching the cattle, blighting the crops, etc. She was acquitted and returned with threats of revenge. The mysterious death of Lieut. Smith, "a selectman for the Affayres of the Toun," was laid at her door. The story is told by Cotton Mather in the "Magnalia."

By'r Word ye sleeping Infant hath binn Raysed  
from its Cradel Bedd,  
Vntouch'd of mortall hands wee have seen it wafted  
in Ayer o'er head!  
Shee hath noe feer of ye Salvage for they sarve ye  
same euil Lord;  
Oft, in ye guyse of a Walleneag\* hee hath feasted  
att her Board.  
A black Henn flewe down our chimnie, & scalded  
itself in ye Pott;  
Come Morn, goodwife Webster is scalded; wheyr  
got shee ye Burne? God wot!  
Ye Lawe of our God, yea of our Land allows not a  
Witch to live;  
We send her to Boston, to General Court, yt they  
might a Judgment giue;  
But they Deem'd ye Charge not Prooven, tho ye  
Truth was wh payns layd bare;—  
(Pray God it was not for her bright black eyes &  
her long curling hayr!)  
Shee hath cost ye Town full threescore Pounds &  
now shee is heer agayne,  
To laye a Blite on ye Rie, shee sayth, & to staye ye  
needful Rayn;  
Yet moyer, our neighbor Philip Smith, she hath  
layd on a paynful bedd,  
Vext by an hideous Witchcraft, hee wishes, nay  
longs to bee Dead!  
By tymes he hath rapturous Uision, & Cryeth inn  
feruant Prayr,

\* The Walleneag was the fisher, or black cat of the woods.

“Lord, staie Thy hand, for ys is moyer than Thy  
frayl Seruant mae bear!”

More oft with dyre Groanings and Tears, he wal-  
lows in myre of ye Ditch

Digged for hys soul by yt own daughter of Sathan,  
ye Hadley witch!

Ye healthful Potions ye Chirurgeon sends from ye  
gallipots Power out,

Ye bedd vpheaves, ye hous is shaken, & ye stooles  
are hvrl'd aboute.

Hee dy'd in ye Night, they say, prayse God, she  
may neuer vex him mower!

(Ye bodie bled, & ye black catt mewed, yt Morn  
when shee passt his Doore!)

Pray Christian peple who heere ys Tayl, whoever  
ye may bee,

Pray for ye Peece of Hadley, for sorely try'd are  
wee!

Pray yt our godly Ministers, wh Fast proclaymed  
& Prayer,

May from Sathan the old Land-lord's\* clutch  
thys fayre New England tear!

Yea thus hee kicks agaynst the pricks & hys Imps  
groe ouer Bold,

As he sees yt land passe from his Power wh hee  
hath ouned of ould!

God keep vs alle from Salvages, God keep vs alle  
from Worse;—

Ye Idyl Sport of wicked Fiends & Molly Webster's  
curse!

\* Dr. Increase Mather called Satan “The old landlord and  
owner of America.”

## In Whately Glen.

---

RONDEAU.

**I**N Whately Glen the maples glow ;  
The year's last watchfires burning low ;  
From darkling grove of spruce and pine  
With flash, and glitter, and silver shine,  
The hurrying waters downward flow.

And Nature's lovers thither go ;  
For all their mistress' moods they know,  
And they shall see her fair and fine  
In Whately Glen.

Upon the heights the breezes blow,  
The velvet hills range row on row  
Out to the far horizon line.  
Full draughts of Nature's choicest wine  
With lavish hand she doth bestow  
In Whately Glen.



## The Angel of Rescue.

HADLEY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1675.

---

OH beautiful Hadley meadows how fair you are  
to-night!  
Glooming in purple shadow, glinting in amber  
light;  
With shimmer of silver poplars and pine trees' richer  
green,  
And the river winding slowly its emerald banks  
between.  
Oh dear and sweet Connecticut, in lands beyond the  
sea  
There is no storied river to be compared with thee!  
No fairest foreign landscape so the heart with  
pleasure thrills  
As this, our happy valley, girt with eternal hills!  
Yet through this smiling vale once swept the scathe  
of Indian ire  
And marked its deadly footprints here in massacre  
and fire.  
So softly dark the night came down, two hundred  
years ago,  
Only the wind among the pines, the river's murmur-  
ing flow,

When yonder in their ancient fort, the council ring  
was set

And Philip's wily messenger the Hadley Indians  
met.

The white man's eyes are blind with sleep, his ears  
are dull and dead;

He sees no dusky, gliding forms, he hears no steal-  
thy tread;

But when the morning brightens and the Hadley  
townsmen come

To take the Indians' arms away, the empty fort is  
dumb.\*

Yet speaks of plotted treason, "for these Nipnet  
heathen cling

Close as serpents' eggs together." (Eggs will  
hatch and serpents sting!)

Oh sighing pines of Pocumtuck; green elms of  
Deerfield vale!

Ye saw the Indian serpents coiled beside the narrow  
trail.

Oh flower and crown of Essex youth, the glory of  
our host!

Ye are become the heathens' prey and miserably  
lost.

For Essex's maids and matrons long shall wail their  
gallant dead;

Like mourning Rachel shall they weep, nor shall be  
comforted.†

\* The Hadley Indians had promised to give up their arms but  
deserted to King Philip by night.

† The massacre at Bloody Brook.

“ Had not the Lord been on our side,” the reverend elders say,

“ Our hearts had fainted utterly, after this dreadful day.

“ But the Lord hath sent His angel, we saw it with our eyes.

“ It was on a Fast-day morning, in time of exercise,

“ While reverend Mr. Russel did right painfully expound

“ Revelation eleven, three, with searchings most profound.

“ Behold the time approacheth and the sign is set on high!

“ No longer shall His witnesses in deserts prophesy.†

“ It cometh, it is at the door, the great Day of the Lord!

“ He will avenge His slaughtered saints according to His word.

“ So rapt were we from things of sense in holy fervor then

“ Almost we saw the shining of the New Jerusalem.

“ When from the watchman at the door arose a sudden cry,

“ The Indians! the Indians! The Indians are nigh!

“ As when the fowler’s net is cast above the trembling bird

\* There was a general expectation of the Revolution occurring some years later in England and a looking upon it as a fulfilment of prophesy. The two regicides then hiding in Hadley were believed to be the “two witnesses,” mentioned in Revelation.

- “ So stood we terror-stricken there and no one spake  
or stirred.
- “ Then rushed against our savage foe, but vainly  
did we strive ;
- “ Not a house had stood in Hadley, nor soul been  
left alive
- “ Had God not sent to rescue us His mighty Angel  
down,§
- “ To rally us and lead us, save the people and the  
town.
- “ To the Lord of Hosts give glory ; let the praise  
be His alone !
- “ In time of our extremity was His deliverance  
shown.”

\* This attack of the savages during a Fast-day service and the appearance of a strangely attired old man, (the regicide Goffe,) who led the settlers in the repulse of the Indians and mysteriously disappeared, is a well-known tradition of Hadley. Goffe and Whalley were then under sentence of death and officers of King Charles II hunting through New England for them. Only Mr. Russel and two others knew of their presence in Hadley and they were glad to foster the natural belief of the settlers that Goffe was an angel sent from heaven.

## Hepatica.

---

OUT on the hills in the wild Spring weather  
So early only the blue-bird knew,  
Thousands of little flowers grew together,  
Purple, and pink, and white and blue.

While the March storm raged, and fretted, and wept,  
And froze the song in the blue-birds' throats,  
'Neath mottled leaf-blankets they soundly slept,  
Close wrapped in their soft fur overcoats.

Now the sun shines warm, and under our feet  
They nod and smile, though branches are bare,  
So daintily hued and faintly sweet,—  
What blossoms of Summer are half so fair?

And the sweet, old sermon is preached again  
Of life from death, to the doubter's need.  
Of rest after struggle, and grief, and pain,  
The text, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

## The Bird-Song.

---

RONDEAU.

I LOVE my love and she loves me!  
Oh, bluebird, sing it on the tree!  
The wind-flowers drifted o'er the hills,  
The blare of sudden daffodils,  
Make to my heart one melody.

Oh, blackbird, whistle wild and free!  
Oh, robin, carol merrily!  
I hear it in your turns and trills—  
I love my love!

Fly hither, honey-laden bee!  
A sweeter sweet I'll show to thee;  
The happy secret throbs and thrills,  
And every lonely place it fills  
With joyous life and ecstasy—  
I love my love!

## Precedent.

---

WHO hath said that the Past is dead?  
Buried deep 'neath the withered years?

That the dead of the past are at rest

With their loves and hates, their hopes and  
fears,

And the living have naught for them now but fond  
mem'ries and tender tears?

Nay, our world is ruled by the dead,

And they stretch strong hands from their  
graves;

They clutch To-day who had Yesterday,

Yet who denies or their menace braves?

See ye not that the dead are lords indeed and the  
living are but their slaves?

Men of the School, the Church, the State,

In the path that your hands make clear

Shall you order coming and going?

Shall you then buy and sell without fear?

Nay, the dead forbid; witness their hands and seals  
on moldy parchment here!

Love calls a youth and a maiden,  
Young Love, he laughs at age and death;  
“They lived their lives, they rest in their graves,  
What have they to do with us,” he saith;  
Poor blind Love, he will not learn, e’en now he is  
chilled by a graveyard breath.

A mist-like breath from cedared vale,  
Where lie the scarce remembered dead;—  
“Their grandsires were foes a century gone,  
Bitter foes alway, they must not wed”;  
And the hateful ghoul of a long-dead feud with  
their fresh young hearts is fed!

Yea, the gold of the dead is cursed!  
Ye must coin it anew with toil  
Would you loosen the grip of their hands  
And wipe from its shine the graveyard soil.  
It is theirs, not yours, ye are bound in lengthening  
links of an endless coil!



## God's Rooster.

---

UPON the old Hadley steeple,  
In the days of long ago,  
They placed a gilded weathercock,  
The way o' the wind to show.

And there through many changing years  
It circled round about.  
The new Republic entered in;  
King George the Third went out.

When peace led in prosperity,  
The elders all decree  
By vote that Hadley meeting-house  
Should straightway painted be.

The paint was bought, the ladders set,  
The walls and soaring height  
Of the spire, up to the gilded ball,  
Shone forth a dazzling white.

But when the work was just complete,  
A dreadful thing occurred;—  
As Hadley people rose that morn,  
They missed their ancient bird.

The letter W pointed east,  
Westward the letter E,  
While N and S were turned about,  
And above them—vacancy!

Mid many anxious glances cast,  
Head-shakes and whispers sage,  
The deacons four with stormy brows  
Met at the parsonage.

Thence two went slowly up the street,  
And two went slowly down,  
Pausing at store and mill and barn  
And all the shops in town.

Deacon Pentecost Pringidays—  
Held in such wholesome dread  
I think he never saw a boy  
With a hat upon his head—

In Waitstill Leadbetter his shop,  
In the big chimney's shade,  
Saw two young men a-tying brooms,  
*In Sunday garb arrayed!*

A heavy hand is on each arm;  
A keen eye runs them through;  
A deep voice tolls the knell of doom:  
“You stole God's Rooster, you!”

Then Solomon Ward and Mindwell Bird,  
All trembling from the shock,  
Brought quickly from its hiding place  
The gilded weathercock.

Upon the old Hadley steeple,  
Where the merry breezes play,  
It stands, a solemn witness  
To the tale I tell to-day.

## The Old Apple Tree.

---

### I.

I SAW an aged apple tree in May,  
When all the air was shimmering with mist  
Of tender leaves, and pearl, and amethyst  
Shone in the grass where spring went on her way;  
Gnarled, crooked, old, the emblem of decay,  
Standing unwelcome at the spring's sweet tryst:  
"In vain alas! in vain the sun has kissed  
Thee, Nature's joyous Resurrection Day  
Finds no life here to waken, all in vain  
The great earth swells beneath, and on thy head  
Fall softly, coaxing fingers of the rain:"  
So mourned I for the tree I thought was dead.  
Yet June's first morning saw those boughs enclose  
A fragrant miracle of apple-blows!

### II.

A thought it wafts to me which stays, and clings,  
A thought of those sad, unresponsive souls,  
To whose unseeing gaze Nature unrolls  
In vain her marvelous pictures, when the springs  
Wake life anew in all created things,  
And wind-flowers flutter white on all the knolls,  
When summer fills her roses' crimson bowls

With perfume, and for joy the robin sings,  
When Autumn's altar fires are burning low,  
Or when the moon, sharp in the frosty sky,  
Etches the winter elms upon the snow,—  
They know it not, they eat, and drink, and die:  
Yet touched by God's own finger, in His spring,  
Their souls may burst to fragrant blossoming!

## Anemone.

---

WHITE as the flakes of Spring's belated  
snows,—

Starry Anemone!

The frailest blossom that the wildwood knows,—

Wind-tossed Anemone!

So pale, so slight, this softest sighing breeze,  
Scent-laden from yon wilding cherry trees,  
Might strew thy delicate petals on the ground;  
And yet we know thee always to be found  
In rocky clefts, on the wide wind-swept heights,  
Whose scanty soil no other bloom invites,  
Saving that gallant follower of thine,—  
Brave in his scarlet cap and golden bells,  
Wind shaken everywhere, the merry Columbine!

On some great rock thy pink-tipped bells we find,

Airy Anemone!

Laughing and dancing in the mad May wind,

O gay Anemone!

But when the gale howls through these trees again,  
And tempests beat the earth with stinging rain,—  
Low-bending, drenched with rain, and tempest-  
tossed,

Thy frail hold on the rock is never lost!

O Faith ! which trembling clings, and half-afraid,  
To those great rocks which have all souls upstayed  
For ages, this shall thine exemplar be :  
Wet with life's tears, and shaken in its storms,—  
Stand fast ! a face serene to heaven uplift !  
Like thee, Anemone !

## Memorial Day, 1893.

---

ONCE more, my Country, keep  
Thy solemn tryst above the myriad mounds  
Where thy dead heroes sleep!  
Doff thy plumed helm, lay by thy ready sword  
Which flashed but now, and sit thee lowly down  
Where these are lying, these, whose lives were ward  
For thee in utmost stress of darkest days;  
Yea, all thy sons in years and centuries gone  
Who died for thee! Give them thy tender praise,  
Drop flowers and tears above them, call their names,  
Hold their high deeds on History's page of gold  
Again to light, and fan the constant flames  
On Freedom's altar till all time is told!

Come hither, blooming May!  
Bring all thy treasures, buds, and leaves, and  
flowers,  
For this most sacred day!  
Heap southern roses, yellow, white and red,  
Over the soldier's bed.  
With jessamine stars, and rich magnolia bloom,  
Grand as the courage that turned never back  
Nor faltered, though the day was lost, and low  
The path declined in shades of doubt and gloom.



Bring the pale blossoms of the northern Spring!  
Pure as the faith that gave all, nor denied,  
Nor ever swerved aside;  
Sweet valley lilies, lilacs, faint with scent  
Of love war-wasted, columbines that swing  
Wind-shaken on the cliffs, anemones  
From cold New England hills, and bind with these  
The warriors' laurel; count no bloom too rare  
Or costly for this strewing! All were cheap  
Beside their awful gift! The strong young West  
With blossoms bright and starry banner drooped  
Shall pause to honor heroes where they rest;  
While nations throng to fill his banquet halls,  
Shall pause, and meditate  
On precious things and great  
Unmeasured in the markets of the world:  
Faith outweighs silver, love is more than gold,  
Honor hath worth untold,  
Life is too poor, held when thy country calls!

## Greylock.

---

WHO fitly can declare  
The glory and the value to mankind  
Of the great hills that rear  
Above the bustle of the busy plain,  
Above the want and sorrow, and doubt, and sin,  
Above the struggle of toiling hand and brain,  
The infinite consolation of their calm?  
Round all the earth, down all the hollow years  
Since Israel's King lifted his weary eyes  
To their eternal strength and sought the balm  
Of their sweet quiet, yea, to this our day,  
Shall men resort where these great preachers rise;  
The everlasting truths that hold the world  
Teaching, in wordless sermon and silent psalm!

Come here where Greylock rolls  
Itself toward heaven; in these deep silences,  
World-worn and fretted souls,  
Bathe and be clean! Cares drift like mists away.  
Reformers, hurrying the Millennium's dawn,—  
Urging to-morrow's blossom to bloom to-day,—  
Here gird your baffled, warring minds anew  
With God's enduring patience! Linger here

When through light leaves the west wind whisper-  
ing goes,—

When summer's breath the warm pine filters  
through,—

When autumn tempests shiver against its sides,

When terrible in inaccessible snows,—

Ye who would learn the secret of the hills.

God give you grace to know it and hold it true!

## Tell us the Story, Veterans !

---

**T**ELL us the story, veterans !  
Tell it all over again  
For the years are flying swiftly,  
And babes have grown to be men  
Since the days that we remember,  
Comrades, thirty years ago,  
When our land was rent asunder  
And a brother was the foe,  
Ah, those days of weary waiting!  
Days of death and wounds and pain,  
May such times of bitter sorrow  
Never cloud our land again.

Thank God that our whole wide country  
Now is one in very truth !  
Thank God, that a brighter future  
Is opening to her youth !  
For another generation  
Shall the olden feud despise ;  
They shall bring their mother country  
Larger hearts and calmer eyes,  
And we scatter fragrant flowers  
Over all these graves to-day,  
Nor ask if once the sods were heaped  
On the blue coat, or the gray.

So from field and wood and garden  
Bring all your wealth of flowers,  
To do them honor where they lie,  
Unforgotten dead of ours!  
And then returning from their graves  
Old memories thrilling yet,  
Go, say to your children's children  
What they must never forget!  
For flags are waving o'er new graves  
With each Memorial Day,  
Veteran ranks are growing thin,  
The youngest veteran gray!

So tell the story, veterans!  
Call every noble name,  
Show them from what dread baptism  
Our mighty republic came!  
Lead them through all the perilous path  
Our stern forefathers trod,  
And plant the love of country deep,  
Yes, next to the love of God!

## Forefathers' Day.

---

PILGRIMS were they? Yea, seers,  
The men who first this rocky pathway trod!  
What vision held them by the winter sea  
Of their fair promised land, elect and good!  
Their brave hearts owned no doubts and conquered  
fears,  
The west wind, continent-blown, sang in their ears  
Its jubilant prophecy of years to be,  
Bless we the day our forefathers stood, free,  
On Plymouth Rock, with God!

How ripens fruit to-day  
From that thrice-sifted seed! How walks abroad  
Columbia, since her infant feet were set  
On those first, "stepping-stones"! The nations  
awed  
Salute her splendor; yet around her way  
Dark phantoms lurk; our fathers' God, we pray  
She may not falter, she may not forget!  
Oh may her feet be planted firmly yet  
On Plymouth Rock, with God!

1893

## Daffadowndilly.

---

PLAY-SONG FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

O H Daffadowndilly!  
The air is so chilly,  
I very much fear  
You'll regret you are here  
And will wish yourself under ground,  
Daffadowndilly!

For Daffadowndilly,  
You surely are illy  
Prepared for the weather,  
Sleet, snow, hail, all together,  
You will certainly freeze, little  
Daffadowndilly!

Rash Daffadowndilly!  
I think you are silly;  
From your cream-colored nose  
To your little green toes,  
You're shivering, you know you are,  
Daffadowndilly!

“ Poor Daffadowndilly,”  
—Says kind little Lily;—  
“ Hear the wind how it roars!  
“ I will take you indoors,  
“ Where you will be snug and warm,  
Daffadowndilly!”



## The Soldier of the Monument.

---

OFTEN thus we saw him stand  
In the old war-time gone by,  
Darkly drawn against the sky,  
With his musket in his hand ;  
On some rampart's sodded height,  
Glorified in sunset light,  
With the rapt look in his eyes,  
Gazing northward far away,  
Dreaming of the meeting day  
In the home that northward lies ;  
While to westward sinks the sun,  
And beneath the sunset gun  
Speaks the soldier's stern good-night.

Dreaming of his home afar ;  
Turned to that slow-flowing river  
Where the laughing ripples quiver  
'Neath the lover's silver star.  
Truly shalt thou homeward come,  
But to beat of muffled drum !  
In the bright September weather,  
When yon valley fills with fight,  
Trampling love and life and light  
In one rifle-pit together !  
Thus thy furlough has begun  
At the setting of the sun,  
So, young soldier, cam'st thou home !

Ever thus we see him stand!  
In the crowded busy street;  
Halting there his marching feet,  
    With his musket in his hand,  
Standing for our sons to see  
In long years that are to be;  
    With the rapt look in his eyes,  
Gazing forward, far away,  
Dreaming of a meeting day  
    In the home that heavenward lies.  
Stand, forever young and fair,  
Comrade, still that image bear  
    To our last posterity!

## A Disappointed Daughter.

---

MAMA, the girls at our school,  
For our Colonial Tea  
Say quaint old gowns will be the rule;  
So some came home with me.

"You're 'Dame' and 'Daughter' both, you see;  
And all my schoolmates know  
Our attic's full as it can be  
Of gowns worn long ago.

"I chose an armful—just about,  
To show the girls downstairs.  
They're all the *latest style that's out*—  
What *everybody* wears!

"There is our grand French ancestress,  
Madame la Comtesse B——.  
I thought, of course, her bridal dress  
Would be the thing for me.

"I shook it out and brought it down.  
Mama, to my dismay,  
'Twas just a white silk Empire gown—  
One sees them every day!

"And so we don't know what to do;  
'T would vex a very saint!  
How, when things century-old look new,  
Can we be odd or quaint?"

## Corn the National Emblem.

---

OH laughing, yellow bearded Corn!  
Thou art the heir, the' eldest born.  
On every side through all our land  
Thy serried ranks rejoicing stand,  
Thou lusty darling of the Morn!

The dainty flowers we laugh to scorn;  
Thou fillest Plenty's golden horn,  
And food and drink are in thy hand  
Oh laughing yellow bearded Corn!

Our oriflamme shalt thou be borne;  
No race a nobler crest has worn  
Since Henry bore to high command  
Plant-a-genet in old England,  
Come, and our goddess' cap adorn  
Oh laughing, yellow bearded Corn!

## The Lesson of History.

---

O BLIND and slow of heart to understand  
The one great lesson by all history taught—  
Who would let fall from idle, careless hand  
The rich inheritance, hard-won, blood-bought!

The righteous nations rise, the unrighteous fall;  
Through every age this solemn warning rings;  
From Egypt's pyramid, from China's wall,  
From silent sepulchers of conquering kings!

Star after star of empire climbs the ascent,  
On the proud zenith in full splendor burns  
Its one brief hour, then, strength and virtue spent,  
Yet all unconscious, toward its setting turns.

Thy glory brightens like a rising star,  
Dear country! All thy children joy to see.  
While seers who watch thy motion from afar  
Predict that high meridian place for thee.

Is there no lesson we were wise to heed  
In desolate palaces and crumbling thrones?  
Rome, Venice, Spain—who runs may surely read  
The lesson graven on their "famous stones"!

And, O my country, in thine onward path  
Lie dragons, centuries old, and gorged with hate.  
God grant thee mercy in His day of wrath!  
God raise thee champions for thine hour of fate!

## On Southampton Beach.

---

ONE morning by the summer sea  
I read of glory and the brave;  
Old visions of the past, to me  
Came rolling in on every wave.

Headlong upon the shining strand,  
The billows rush with angry frown;  
Like warriors from some far-off land,  
They cast their ponderous armor down.

Those warrior billows wide dispread,  
Sweep on in long embattled lines,  
The firm earth quakes beneath their tread,  
And dusky green their banner shines.

The knightly leader rides before,  
His flowing robe all jewelled gleams,  
And on the breeze that blows from shore  
His snowy plume behind him streams.

## Arbor Day.

---

WHILE Edward chose an apple tree,  
And John a Bartlett pear,  
And Will a shag-bark hickory,  
Tim, of the auburn hair,

Said, "If you leave the choice to me  
I'll quickly, if you please,  
Plant chemis-tree, geomo-tree  
And ancient hist-trees!"

Then gaily spoke the little May—  
A three-year-old was she—  
"I'll go out early Arbor Day  
And plant a Family tree."

## The Hadley Elms.

---

THE Hadley elms! in what forgotten year  
Men planted them to make our village fair  
We cannot know. The sun, and earth, and air  
Have fostered them, and those who set them here  
Have fled so far beyond, even history's ear  
Scarce knows their footfall. Lasting, precious,  
rare—

This gift they left. What glory shalt thou wear,  
Oh Hadley—Hadley, that we hold so dear  
From this *our* generation? These gifts, these,  
Would we leave with thee for thy joy and praise,  
For the Republic's need in bitter days,  
True men, good women, beneath the Hadley  
trees,—

When danger threatens, and sorrow overwhelms,  
To stand strong, beautiful, as Hadley elms!

HADLEY PARSONAGE.

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